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Section Editors: Vanessa Morgan, Carey Denton
Designers: Andy Archer, Jessica Watts
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FREE IN
ISSUE 10
Spooky
Pop-up



Next week in

THE
SPINECHILLER
Collection

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Bugged

OUR HAUNTED WORLD
Germany
Neighbourhood Watch

STRANGE BUT TRUE
Loch Ness Monster

CLASSIC SERIAL
Squire Toby's Will:
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Under the Sea

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Telepathy

NINE LIVES



Jason was certain that there wasn't a computer game
around that he couldn't win. And there wasn't
another player who could beat his scores – except
Steve. Until a couple of weeks ago, Steve had been
Jason's best friend, but now Steve was avoiding him.
In school on Monday, Jason decided to find out what was wrong.
When he saw Steve turn the corner and go through the main
gate, he went to meet him.

"Hi there!" Jason said, trying to sound casual. "I was waiting
for you." Steve flinched and stepped back.

"What for?" His voice was sullen.

"Well, I've got this new game. It's called Barbary Coast. It's
got pirates and stuff, and you have to find the treasure before the
pirates capture you and make you walk the plank."

Steve looked up. For a moment his expression changed as if
he was about to ask something, but he didn't. He fixed his stare
on the ground and moved on.



"Come on!" Jason tried one more time. "You can come to my place after school. Look, if something is bothering you, I want to help." He put his hand gently on his friend's shoulder.

Steve shrugged it off. "No. I can't." He halted and peered directly into Jason's eyes. He seemed frightened. "And stay away from me. I mean it."



When Jason's mother knocked on the door of his room the following Saturday and told him that Steve had come to visit, Jason was really surprised. He was even more surprised when he saw that his friend looked as if he hadn't slept in days. Dark circles ringed his eyes. He was pale and his hands were shaking slightly.

"Look, Jason," Steve began when the two friends were alone in his room. "I know I've been acting weird lately, but... maybe I shouldn't ask... but I need your help. I think you're the only one who can help me." He was trying to choose his words carefully. "I'm not sure how to say this. I don't know if you'll believe me."

"Try me." Jason watched as Steve fumbled in his jacket pocket and pulled out a small computer disk. He placed it carefully on the edge of the desk and stepped back as if the thing might make some sort of move on its own.

"Do you remember the shop down on Kingsley Street that used to sell old comic books and football cards?"

Jason thought for a moment. "Yes. It closed down last year, didn't it? There was a fire or something."



"Yes, but a couple of weeks ago I rode by on my bike, and a new shop was in its place. It had a display of computer games in the window and a big orange sign that said 'Grand Opening'."

Jason was interested. "I didn't know that a new shop had opened. Did it have anything good?"

"That's what's so strange." Steve sank down on to the edge of the bed. "All they had was one game. It was called Nine Lives. The man in the shop was odd, too. When he asked if he could help me, I told him I was just looking and didn't have any money. He said that it was no problem, that I could take a copy of the game home with me and try it."

"He let you take it home for nothing?" asked Jason, rather envious.

"Yes. He said I would come back to give him payment in full. Everyone always came back, he said. I didn't know what he meant then, but at that point I should have just turned round and walked out. Now it's too late. I've started and I have to keep playing. I tried to take it back, but the shop isn't there any more."

"You mean it's gone out of business?"

"No. It's more like it was never there to begin with. The place is all boarded up, and there are marks on the walls from the fire – just like it used to look."

It was plain to see that Steve was serious. Jason picked up the game disk and examined it. It looked like any other. He started to slip it into his computer.

"No. Wait!" Steve gripped him by the wrist. "Once you start it, you can't stop."

"I know what you mean," Jason said, laughing, as he slid the disk into the slot in the computer.

Immediately the title of the game appeared on the screen, surrounded by an assortment of mythical beasts. A flame-spouting dragon crouched on top of the first letter N. A two-headed vulture was perched on the I, and an ugly razor-clawed ogre leaned against the next letter. A skeleton stood by the V and a huge beast with the head of a bull sat on the E in LIVES. The last character was an evil-looking sorcerer standing beside a box with a small opening on one side and an oval screen. At the centre of the oval was a picture of a bizarre lock.

Steve shook his head and sighed deeply. "The game doesn't stop when the computer is off. Those things," he said, gesturing towards the images of the beasts, "can turn up anywhere, any time. If you don't meet their challenge, you must give up the life of something that is close to you. Once you start to play, you have to continue. The last life at risk is your own."

But it isn't just your life that is at stake, it is your soul as well."

Steve reached out and touched the figure of the sorcerer on the screen. "That's what he really wants. By playing the game, you allow him to take your soul captive. To save it, you have to find the sorcerer's hiding place and release it. If he destroys you first, then your soul is his forever."

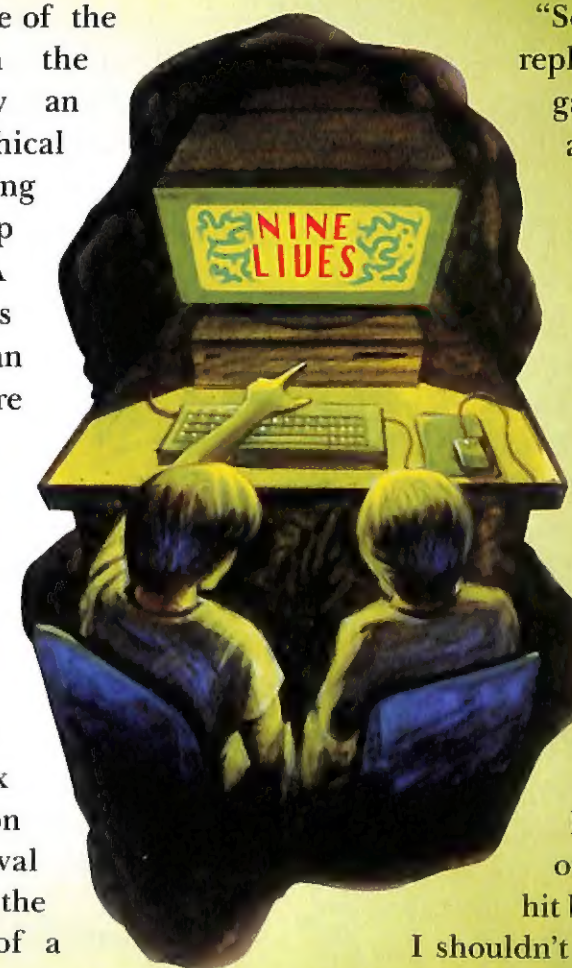
"Sounds cool," Jason replied as he clicked into the game. Several options appeared on the screen.

"You don't understand!" Steve wailed. "It's for real! I didn't believe it either. But in the past two weeks, far too many things have happened. Remember Jojo?" Jason nodded. Jojo the canary had been a birthday present. "The day I lost the first challenge, I found him dead at the bottom of his cage. After the next loss, my cat, Jericho, got out of the house and was hit by a car. I knew then that

I shouldn't play any more. But the creatures in the game don't let you stop. They can turn up anywhere. And it gets worse. My next door neighbour... that was my fault."

"Mr Davis fell from a ladder while he was working on his roof," Jason answered softly. "How could that be your fault?"

"It was." Steve lowered his head into his hands. "And ten days ago my cousin was killed when the brakes on his car failed."



Steve's voice faltered. "And my uncle... he died last week of a heart attack. Now the score is 5-0. I don't know who will be next. It could be my sister or my parents." The boy looked up at his friend. "You said you wanted to help me. I can't defeat it. I'm not good enough – but together we are. We might have a chance. But if you agree, you'll be in danger. Your soul could be held captive, too."



It all sounded crazy, but Jason realised that Steve believed it was true, and he had to do something to help him. He glanced at the screen. There was an option that read: DO YOU WISH TO ADD A PLAYER TO YOUR TEAM? He lightly touched the keyboard. A warning appeared: ARE YOU SURE? CONSEQUENCES OF LOSS WILL TRANSFER TO NEW PLAYER. Jason looked at Steve, then tapped the key again. A single word came up: ACCEPTED. A cold chill ran through Jason's body. He felt very empty and alone and barely heard Steve thanking him.

When Steve left, the strange feeling passed. Jason sat down at the computer and clicked the box that said NEW PLAYER. He was curious about the game because it had upset his friend. Since he was entering the contest at the point where Steve had left off, the score was 5-0.

In this round he chose a sword as his weapon and battled a winged serpent through a challenging maze. It was close for a first try, but he lost. In the lower corner of the screen, the score flipped to 6-0. Disappointed, he turned off the

computer and flopped down on his bed. He tapped at the glass of the small, dry aquarium next to the bed, but his pet iguana did not move. Slowly, he reached into the aquarium and nudged the animal slightly. It was dead.

That night Jason was awakened by an eerie glow in his room. As he sat up, he noted that the computer was on. The screen read ROUND 7. From somewhere in the room he heard a distant scraping noise that seemed to be drawing nearer. He cocked his head – it now seemed to be right under his bed! Then a hand shot out from under the mattress and clamped his ankle in a painful grip. As hard as he struggled, he couldn't break free. The hand pulled him to the floor and started to drag him under the bed. Jason clawed at the rug, crumpling it in his hands, but it did no good. He was being drawn under the bed into a pitch-dark pit. Suddenly, another hand reached out to grasp his. He saw Steve's face and heard his friend's voice as if far away. "Hang on! Please! Hang on!"

He clasped Steve's hand with all his might, but Jason felt his grip weakening bit by bit, until he slipped away. Helpless, he felt himself falling and falling.



With a yelp, Jason opened his eyes and sat straight up in bed. He looked round the room in panic, then relaxed. "It was only a dream," he said out loud. But when his gaze fell on the computer screen, the score read 7-0. On the floor, the rug was crumpled. He pulled back the sheets to find bruises forming on his ankle.

"It wasn't a dream. It's just like Steve said," he thought in horror. "They can be anywhere." Then Jason became aware of the telephone ringing and, a few minutes later, he heard crying from downstairs. He slipped out of bed and crept towards the kitchen. Although the clock read 3am, the lights were on and he could hear his father's voice.

"Dad?" Jason blinked in the glare of the brightly lit room. His mother was sitting at the kitchen table, sobbing. His father was stroking her shoulder and speaking in low tones. "Dad, what's wrong?"

His father motioned to him to come in. "It's Uncle Phil." Phil was his mother's younger brother. He had left on holiday only the night before. "He's... there's been an accident."

Just after dawn, Jason slipped out and raced to Steve's house. He tossed pebbles at the window of his friend's bedroom. The window slid open and Steve leaned out. "Jason? I'll be right down." A moment later, the boys were standing side by side in the early morning light.

"My uncle," Jason gasped. "I thought it was a dream, but..."

"I know what happened. I saw it on my computer, but I couldn't help. I'm feeling weaker all the time. What are we going to

do? We don't know when or where the next round will take place. I'm sorry I got you into this. If it were just an ordinary game, it would be easy, but this is different."

"Maybe it isn't," Jason said quickly. "The key to winning any game is paying attention and staying one step ahead! We know where the next round takes place if we choose it. I say we go ahead and try to find the sorcerer now."

"But we don't know who or where he is."

"I reckon we do. You've already talked to him."

Steve's eyes lit up. "The man in the shop where I got the game!"

"Right! He said you would be back, and you will – but before he is expecting you. I have another idea, too. If I'm right, we need the game disk and a torch. And there's one other thing I have to do. We can stop at my house on the way."



It was still early when they reached the shop on Kingsley Street. It looked as though it had remained closed since the fire. The windows were still boarded up. The boys picked their way to the back entrance, prised up a board and managed to crawl inside. Both felt their strength draining with each passing moment. Jason switched on his torch and looked round the room. "It doesn't look as if anybody has been in here in a long time."

"I was," Steve whispered. "That visit changed my life."

"When you first saw the man, where had he come from?" asked Jason.

Steve looked around. "I think he came in from over there." He pointed to a door. The boys moved quickly towards it. Suddenly, Steve toppled forward, his hands flailing in the air. Jason barely managed to grab his friend's wrist, preventing him from being swallowed up in a dark pit.

"Hang on!" Jason grunted as he yanked Steve back. Once he had caught his breath, Jason shone the light across the floor. Directly in their path was a gaping hole. Both boys crawled to it and peered over the edge. In the torch's beam they could see that the pit was about six metres deep and the bottom of it was covered with slithering, writhing snakes!

"Whew!" Steve gasped. "That was close. We must be on the right track. But we must be careful – there may be other traps."

The boys made their way round the pit to the door and tried the knob.

"It's locked," Jason huffed. He ran his fingers along the edge. "Wait. There's a slot here." Smiling, he took the game disk from his pocket and slipped it into the slot.



he door clicked and opened slowly. Jason removed the disk, and the two boys eased into the room. At the far wall stood what looked like some sort of strange computer with a blank, oval-shaped screen. It was just like the contraption the sorcerer stood next to in the title drawing.

"This is it," Jason murmured. "This is where he plays the game." They advanced towards the bizarre machine. Then with a

whine, the oval screen sputtered to life. As in the drawing, the image of a weird lock was at its centre.

Jason stood before the machine. He slipped in the disk and fingered the keyboard. "I'm sure that releasing this lock will free us. I just have to figure out how to delete!" The command materialised on the screen and the lock disappeared. Jason laughed aloud. "That's it." But his smile faded as the lock quickly reappeared. "Wait. What's wrong? What did I miss?"

From the shadows near the open door behind them, a deep voice growled, "You didn't really think it would be that simple, did you?"

Whirling, the boys came face to face with the sorcerer himself. He towered above them, his eyes glittering in horrible triumph. "Did you forget the rules? They are quite clear. To release your souls, you must first

find where they are hidden and then save them." The boys backed away. "It's a pity," he whispered ominously, as he advanced towards them. "You came so close." With long, gnarled fingers, the sorcerer reached out and slipped Jason's game disk from the slot in the computer. He held it up. "Yes, a pity. Your souls were imprinted right here, under your nose." With a wave of his hand, the disk disappeared. "It's too late now."

While he spoke, a luminous mist began to gather in the centre of the room. A dark shape took form in the haze. With a blood-chilling snarl, a monstrous beast emerged. It had the body of a man and the head of a bull. Saliva oozed from its gaping mouth, and blood dripped from the tips of its horns. Its gaze settled on the two boys. As it paced menacingly towards them, the evil sorcerer sniggered and clutched the disk. "Yes, far, far too late."

"Maybe not!" Calling upon his failing strength, Jason pushed Steve to one side and screamed, "Jump!" The boys took a leap

forward, then rolled under the cumbersome beast's outstretched arms. Back on his feet, Jason raced to the computer. The sorcerer turned towards him and levelled his pointed finger at the boy. "Get away from there!"

Ignoring him, Jason ripped another disk from his pocket and jammed it into the slot. As he quickly worked the keyboard, a bolt of blue light flashed from the sorcerer's finger. With the last of his strength, Steve hurled himself across the room, smashed into the sorcerer and sent him reeling to the ground. The bolt crackled, pulverising the howling beast in a blast of flame and smoke.

Jason hit the DELETE button and the lock vanished once more. Next, the SAVE command flashed on to the screen. A gust of air rushed upwards and the boys felt something warm and strong seeping into them as they saw the sorcerer start to fade.

"How?" the sorcerer moaned weakly.

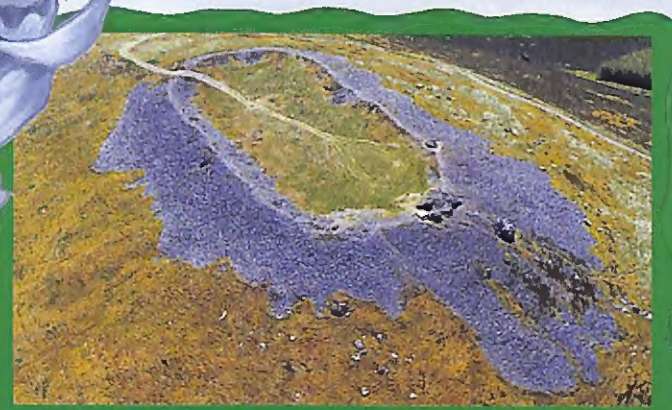
Jason held up a game disk. "The first thing I ever learned about computers was always to make a backup." Leaning over, he reached out his hand and helped Steve to his feet. By the time the boys left the room, only a pale lavender haze remained of their challenger. Outside the door, the pit, too, was disappearing. But then, as they squeezed under an old board and stepped into the sunshine, the haze in the darkened room began to swirl. A small spark flared within it, and at that moment, the computer screen lit up in each boy's room at home. A single message flashed on each screen: GAME OVER – PLAY AGAIN?

THE END



OUR HAUNTED WORLD

Spooky tales, weirdness,
and tartan terrors from
mysterious Scotland!



FORTS OF GLASS

At the top of the Tap O'Noth mountain, near Rhynie village, lies a puzzling Iron Age fort (see above). Its walls at some time must have become so hot that the stones melted and fused together to become solid glass! This process is called vitrification. Scientists have no idea how Tap O'Noth – or any of the 60 other vitrified forts in the area – got so hot!

OFF WITH THE LADS?

In AD 117, while the Romans were occupying Britain, the 9th Hispania Legion of 4000 soldiers was sent to fight the Picts in Scotland. The soldiers passed through the little village of Dunblane – and were never seen or heard of again! No battle with the Picts took place, nor was any report sent back by the legion. Soldiers sent to track down the missing troops couldn't find a single person who'd seen the legion after Dunblane!

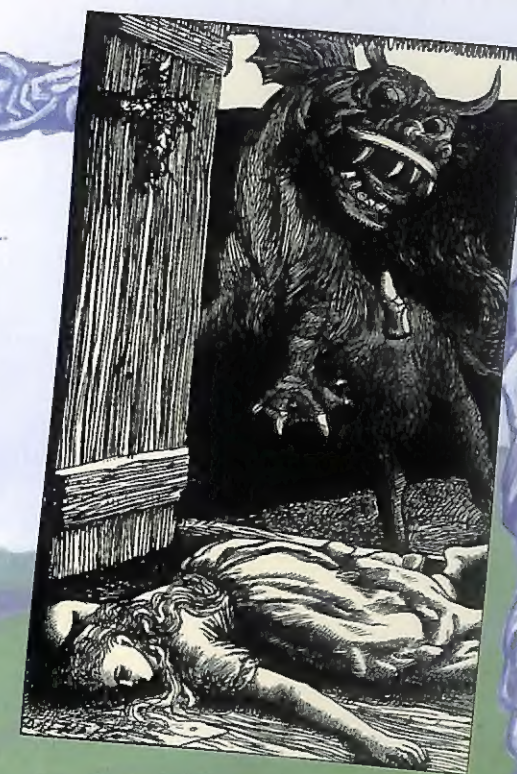
KEEP WATCH FOR THE KELPIE!

Long before the Loch Ness monster became famous, young people in the Highlands of Scotland were warned never to swim in the lochs for fear of the Kelpie (right). This



mischievous creature was said to wait for human victims at the waterside, while disguising itself as a horse. Accounts of sightings of horse-like water monsters have been given by many experienced sailors, who know all about the wildlife in the Highlands.

The kelpie is quite a different type of beast from the one living in Loch Ness – you can read all about 'Nessie' (left) in the next issue of *SpineChiller*!



▲ A close Kelpie encounter, as illustrated for the 1905 book *Faiths and Folklore, A Dictionary*

Quarry Mysteries

In the last century, two 'impossible' things turned up in Scottish quarries. The first was a metal nail, found in a chunk of sandstone from Kingoodie Quarry. The second was a length of gold thread, found in rock quarried near the River Tweed. Amazingly, both have been dated as being 400 million years old – that is 388 million years before man came into existence! The question is: who on Earth could have made them?

QUIETLY DOES IT

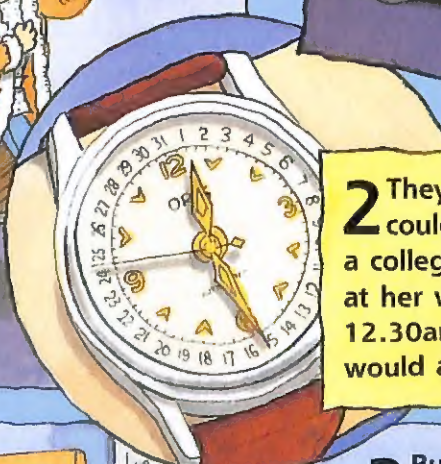
A FRIEND OF A FRIEND WAS A STUDENT
IN GLASGOW...



1 Suzy had been out with some friends who'd invited her to stay at their place overnight.



2 They stopped at her flat so that she could pick up something to wear for a college party the next day. Suzy looked at her watch as she let herself in. It was 12.30am and her hard-working flat-mate would already be asleep.



3 Rummaging through her wardrobe, Suzy couldn't find her dress. Her flat-mate had probably borrowed it – again!



4 She crept into her flat-mate's dark bedroom. She found the dress – more by luck than anything else – on top of a huge pile of clothes by the window.



5 But then she trod on a camera, which went off with a blinding flash. Suzy heard the sleeping girl moan, so she slipped out of the room very quietly.



6 In the early morning, the police arrived where Suzy was staying. Sleepily, she identified herself. Then they broke the news that her flat-mate had been attacked and robbed.



7 The police showed Suzy a Polaroid photo found in her flat-mate's room. It showed the girl, gagged and tied up in the corner with a gun held at her head by the burglar. The clock read 12.35am. Suzy had unwittingly snapped her flat-mate in the thief's clutches!

STRANGE
BUT TRUE

THE CURSE OF TUTANKHAMUN

Special Investigation File: 211

To look at events which led to widespread belief in an ancient Egyptian curse.

SpineChiller creates a file

The Hunt for King Tut's Tomb

Archaeologist Howard Carter spent 20 years searching for the tomb of the boy-king, Tutankhamun. Convinced that it lay in Egypt's Valley of the Kings, he persuaded Lord Carnarvon to pay for his many explorations, all of which were unsuccessful.

Finally, Carter dug in the last unexplored place, beneath the rubble from the looted tomb of Rameses VI. There, he found steps leading down to a sealed door. Carter, overjoyed, sent for Lord Carnarvon and on 6th November 1922, they broke into King Tutankhamun's grave. It was filled with gold, jewels and priceless treasures. Lord Carnarvon's expensive gamble had finally paid off.



Evidence no: 211/1
Illustration of the tomb's opening.

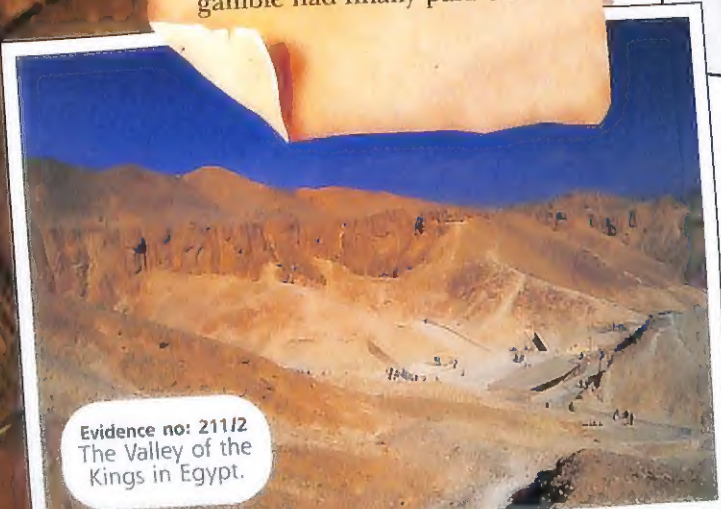
The Seal of Fate?

When the tomb's seal was broken after 3300 years, a strange chain of events began. Carter was said to have found a warning in the tomb: 'Death comes on swift wings to whoever disturbs the pharaoh's peace.'

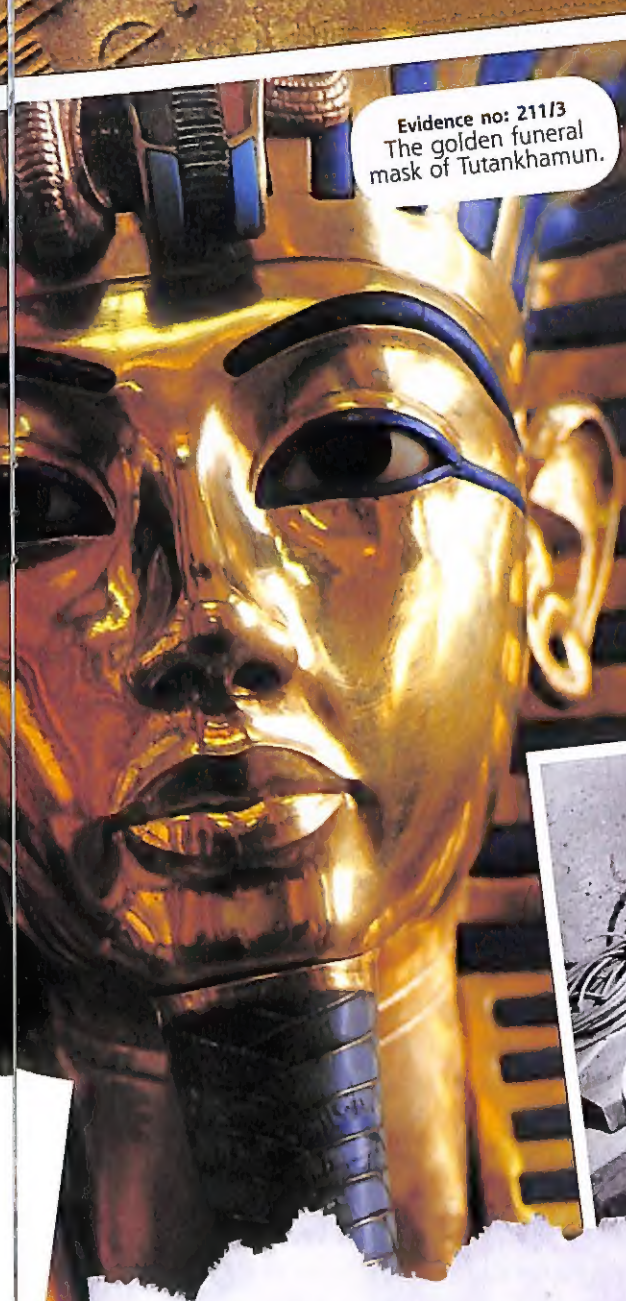


This referred to the deadly vulture goddess, Nekhbet. Just after the tomb was broken into, a hawk - the royal emblem of ancient Egypt - was seen

circling above the tomb. Talk of Tutankhamun's curse began in earnest when one person after another, all connected with the tomb's opening, began to die in unnatural circumstances.



Evidence no: 211/2
The Valley of the Kings in Egypt.



Evidence no: 211/3
The golden funeral mask of Tutankhamun.



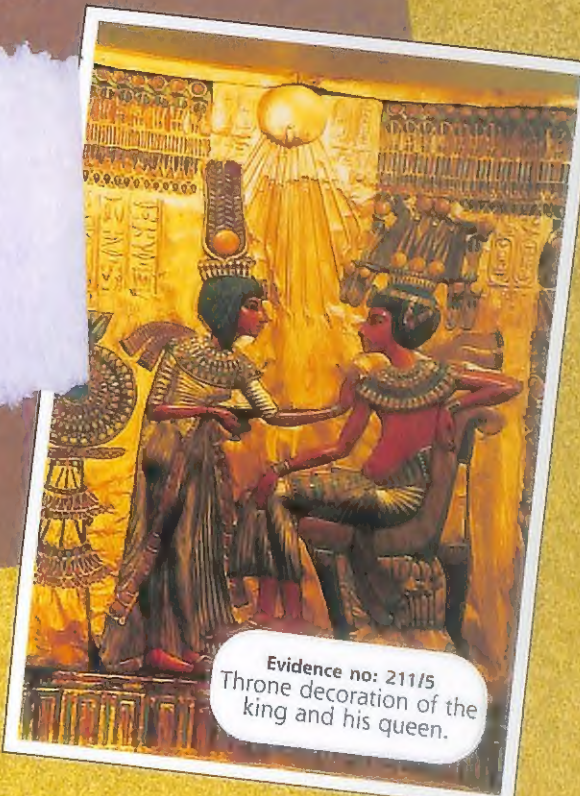
Evidence no: 211/4
Carter examines the third, inner coffin.

Plagues from the Past?

Some people think that deadly germs may have been deliberately planted in the tomb's treasures to infect anyone who removed them. Others say that the dormant germs of ancient plagues may have become active when the tomb was opened. But even if neither is true, the number of deaths makes it easy to believe that King Tutankhamun's curse did indeed fall upon those who entered his sacred tomb!

Chain of Death

Seven years after the tomb's opening, only two of the 13 Europeans who had been present were still alive. By the 1940s, 25 people connected with the tomb and its contents had died unnatural deaths.



Evidence no: 211/5
Throne decoration of the king and his queen.

CURSED LIVES ?

- Five months after the tomb's opening, a mosquito bit Lord Carnarvon's left cheek, which became infected. Weakened by blood poisoning, he developed pneumonia and died in a Cairo hotel. At that moment - 1.55am - all the lights in Cairo went out and, far away at his Hampshire home, Lord Carnarvon's dog gave a great howl and dropped dead!
- Others who had visited the tomb died in 1923: Aubrey Herbert, Carnarvon's half-brother, died of pneumonia; Ali Farray Bey, an Egyptian prince claiming descent from the pharaohs, was murdered, then his brother killed himself; George Jay Gould, a railway tycoon, died of pneumonia; Woolf Joel, a South African millionaire, fell to his death.
- Much later, in 1966, the director of the Cairo Museum of Antiquities was worried about letting King Tut's treasures leave Egypt for exhibition in Paris. As he left a meeting where his objections had been ignored, he was run over by a car. He died two days later.

Confidential

CLASSIC



SERIAL

Chapter 3

Dr Jekyll and Mr Hyde

retold from the story by Robert Louis Stevenson

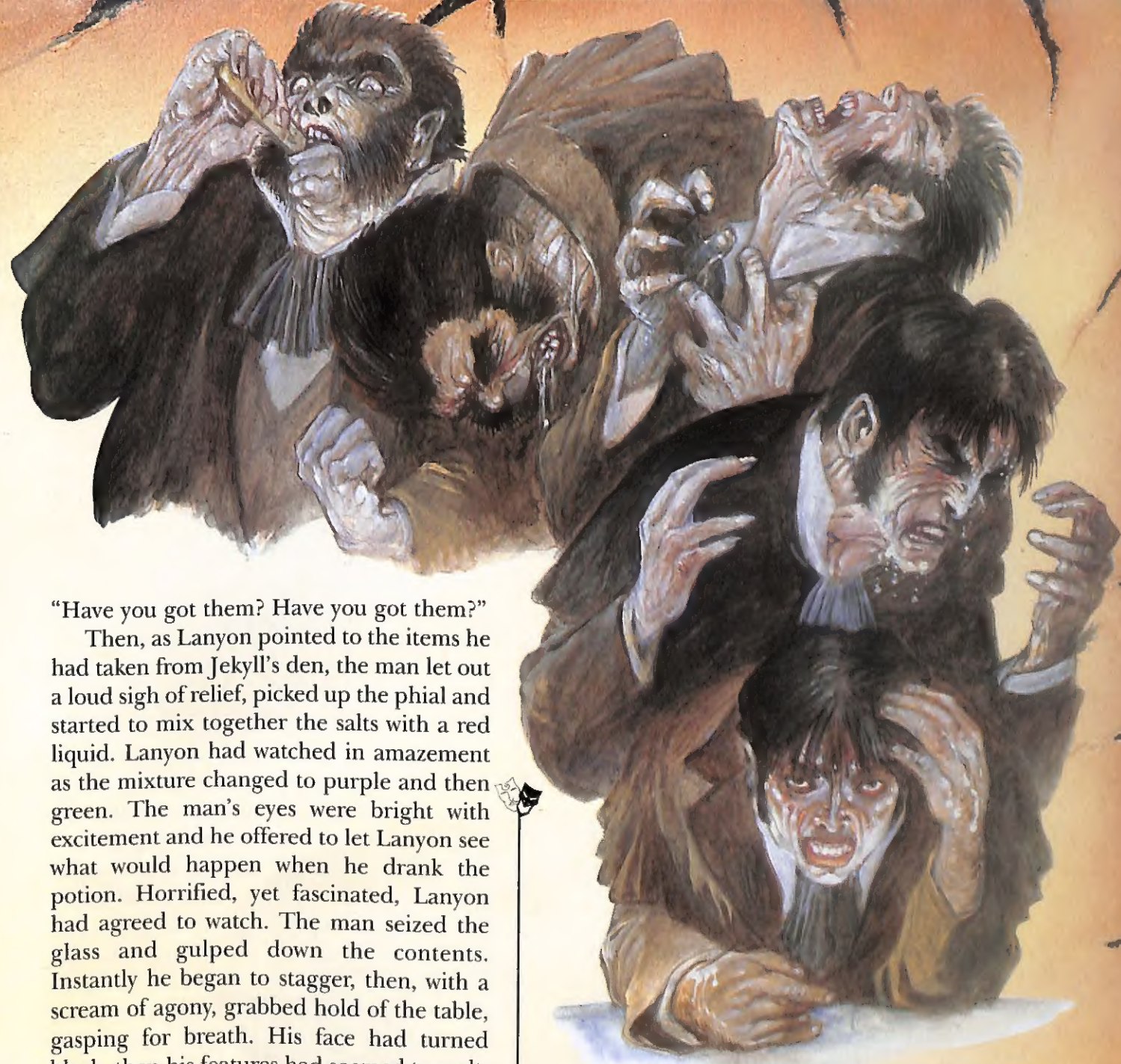
Edward Hyde was dead. Now Utterson and Poole were looking for signs of Henry Jekyll, but had found nothing. Then Utterson spotted a large envelope addressed to him in Jekyll's handwriting. He ripped it open and several documents fell out, including Jekyll's will. In it, Edward Hyde's name had been blotted out and replaced with Utterson's. The lawyer picked up a second piece of paper that was also in Jekyll's handwriting, and had been written that day. It told Utterson that by the time he read the note, he, Jekyll, would have disappeared. It also begged him to read the letter from Dr Lanyon that was stored in his

safe, then to look at the confession sealed in a separate packet.

Utterson picked up the packet that had fallen out of the envelope and told Poole that he was going home to find Lanyon's letter. "I shall return by midnight and we will then send for the police."

As soon as he arrived home, Utterson retrieved Dr Lanyon's letter from the safe and started to read. It revealed how Lanyon had received a letter from Henry Jekyll the night after they had dined at Jekyll's house, begging him to perform a life-saving favour for him. He was to go to Jekyll's house that night, where he would find Poole waiting with a locksmith who would force open the door to his den. Lanyon was to take some powders, a phial and a notebook from a certain drawer and return to his home with them. There he should receive a man sent by Jekyll and hand over these items to him.

The tone of Dr Jekyll's letter had been so desperate that even though he had thought his friend must be insane, Lanyon had done as he was asked. When he picked up the notebook, he had noticed that it was filled with what seemed to be records of experiments. Just after midnight, Lanyon had opened the door to a man who glanced furtively over his shoulder before coming in. Clutching at Dr Lanyon, he had cried,



"Have you got them? Have you got them?"

Then, as Lanyon pointed to the items he had taken from Jekyll's den, the man let out a loud sigh of relief, picked up the phial and started to mix together the salts with a red liquid. Lanyon had watched in amazement as the mixture changed to purple and then green. The man's eyes were bright with excitement and he offered to let Lanyon see what would happen when he drank the potion. Horrified, yet fascinated, Lanyon had agreed to watch. The man seized the glass and gulped down the contents. Instantly he began to stagger, then, with a scream of agony, grabbed hold of the table, gasping for breath. His face had turned black, then his features had seemed to melt,

WORD POWER

furtively – in a secretive way

tincture – a liquid medicine

draught – a dose of medicine

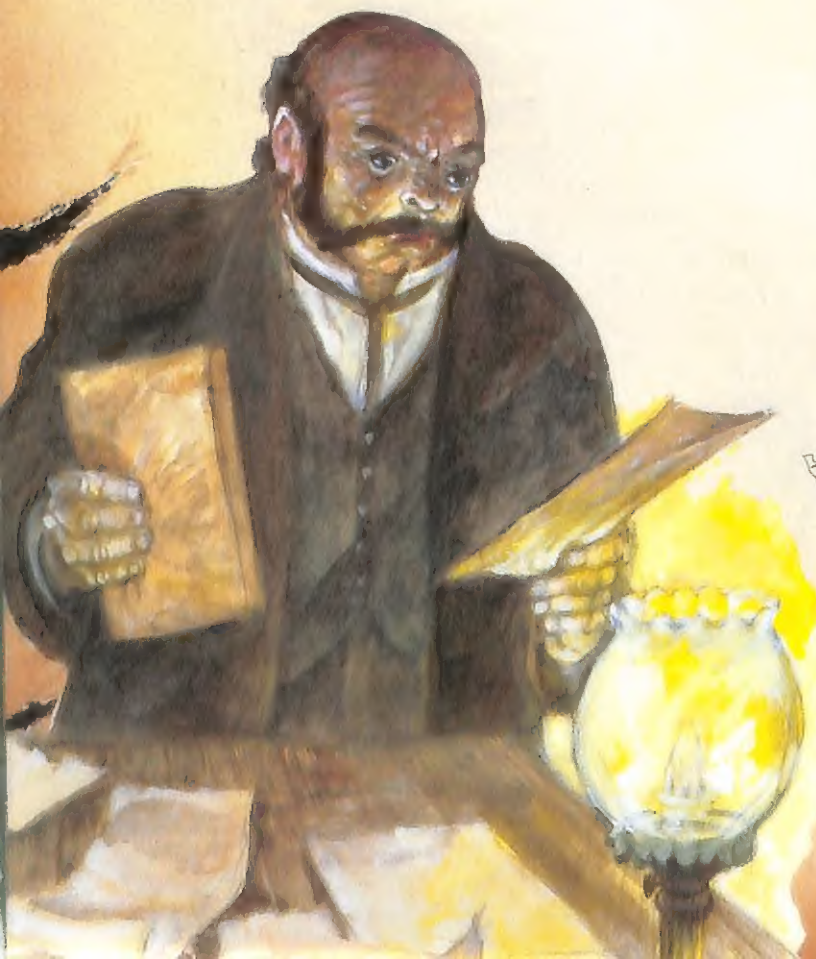
flawless – without faults

consumed – obsessed

scaffold – a raised framework for hanging criminals

so that Lanyon had not even been able to make out a nose or mouth. Lanyon had closed his eyes in terror. When he opened them again, Henry Jekyll was standing there, pale and shaken. When Lanyon had eventually spoken to Jekyll, the doctor admitted that the man who had mixed the potion before his very eyes went by the name of Hyde, and was being sought for the murder of Sir Danvers Carew.

Utterson put down Lanyon's account and, with a heavy heart, picked up the confession of Henry Jekyll.



I was born into a wealthy family and knew from an early age that I was expected to lead a respectable and distinguished life. And, indeed, I myself passionately wished to be well respected and serious-minded. But I also had a wilder, more pleasure-seeking side to my character which, as I grew older, I felt I should hide from society. I came to realise that each man has two natures, not just one, and as I began to feel the battle between my two natures – the upright one and the reckless one – I told myself that if only I could separate the two, then I could ignore my dark side.

I started to experiment with scientific ways of arranging this separation, and even though I realised that this could end in my death, I was totally determined to succeed. So I prepared a tincture and then bought a large quantity of a special salt from a chemist. Then late one night, I boiled these ingredients up in a glass beaker. When the bubbling mixture had cooled, I lifted it to my lips and drank the potion.

Instantly my body was racked with terrible pains, and it seemed as if my bones were being crushed by a powerful machine. But gradually these sensations faded and I began to feel younger, lighter, freer and ten times more wicked than my normal self. And I enjoyed these feelings. I stretched out my arms in delight and discovered that I was shorter, too. I crept across the courtyard and into my bedroom, where I saw the body of my other self in the mirror for the first time. I called it Edward Hyde, and even though it was ugly and deformed, I welcomed it.

As daylight was breaking, I knew that I

had to hurry to attempt the second part of the experiment: to regain my old identity. I prepared another draught and drank. Having suffered the same horrors as before, I gradually resumed the body of Henry Jekyll.

The experiment should have stopped there, but I was so attracted to the irresponsible, carefree aspect of my Edward Hyde self that I was not able to resist returning to him. So I furnished the house in Soho for him, and told my servants that Mr Hyde was to have full run of my own house. I also made out the will in favour of Hyde, so that if anything happened to the person of Dr Jekyll, I could live as Hyde using Jekyll's money. So I started my new life, delighting in monstrous deeds when I was Edward Hyde, and remaining a man of good conscience as Henry Jekyll. I was nearly caught out when I had to pay compensation to the family of a young girl I had hurt – I paid them with a cheque signed by Henry Jekyll. But after that

I opened a separate bank account and devised a backwards-sloping handwriting for Hyde.

One night I went to bed in my own home as Henry Jekyll. But when I woke next morning, the first thing I saw was the hairy, swollen-knuckled hand of Edward Hyde. To my horror, I had changed self overnight, without the assistance of my drugs. I rushed across the courtyard to my den, swiftly mixed my potion, drank it and resumed the body of Jekyll.



This new turn worried me, for I was spending more and more time as Hyde, and it was growing increasingly difficult to return to the person of Jekyll. I decided to abandon Hyde, and for two months led a flawless life as Jekyll. But one night I gave in to the strong temptation to be Hyde once more and, when I drank the potion, felt more evil and violent than ever before. I greatly enjoyed beating that innocent gentleman to death and ran through the streets devising further crimes. But when I drank the potion again and returned to Jekyll, I was so appalled at Hyde's deed that I resolved never to allow him out again. I locked the door of my den and when I went out, it was as Henry Jekyll.

I kept myself busy with good deeds and visits to my friends. One day I was sitting on a park bench, when suddenly I felt horribly nauseous. My clothes seemed too large for me and when I looked down at my hand on my knee, it was Hyde's not Jekyll's. I then went to an inn and wrote to Lanyon, begging him to fetch the drugs

from my den. The rest you know.

When I returned home, I realised that I no longer feared being caught and hanged for killing Carew; it was the horror of being Hyde that consumed me. I locked myself in my den and the days that followed were a living nightmare: I would go to sleep as Jekyll but wake as Hyde, and needed double doses of the special potion to regain the person of Jekyll.

The final horror was when I started to run out of the salt and found that the supplies Poole brought back did not work. I realised that my first supply must have been an impure one, and it was this that had made the potion successful.

In half an hour from now, I shall become Hyde once more and have no more potion to help me regain Jekyll. Will Hyde die on the scaffold or will he have the courage to end his own life? I do not know. What I do know is that this is the end of Henry Jekyll's very unhappy life.

THE END

NEXT ISSUE:
Squire Toby's Will by Joseph Le Fanu

UNDER THE SEA PUZZLES



SIREN'S SONG

Listen to this siren's song
and see if you can solve the riddle.

My first you'll find in salty rhyme,
My second in the waves of time.
My third is in the ocean blue,
My fourth this rale will bring to you.
My fifth is in this mystery,
My sixth is in the deep blue sea.
My seventh too is in the brine,
My whole a creature true and fine.
In days of old, when sailors bold
Went home and tales of me they told,
Often what they'd really seen
Was this amidst the waves of green.

GRID FISH

Can you fit these names of sea creatures in the
grid? Some letters have been put in to help you.

COD, DAB, HAKE, SOLE, SMELT, PLAICE, BLOATER,
DOLPHIN, SEALION, FLOUNDER, PORPOISE,
STARFISH, STURGEON, CONGER EEL



FISHY NUMBERS

On both fish below there is a set of
numbers, not in sequence. Can you
work out which number is missing from
each set?



FREAKY FACTS

Tuna never stop swimming.
They swim on and on all their lives
at a steady rate of 14 km/h.

What do sea monsters eat?

Fish
and ships.

PRESS THE PANEL

To open the chest, you need to press
the set of four squares in the panel
that matches the four squares on the
lid of the chest. Can you see where
the set of four squares is?



STARFISH

How many starfish are
hidden in the picture (but not
on the chest panel)?

What
does an electric
eel taste like?

Shocking!

FREAKY FACTS

The black swallowfish
moves its body
in order to
eat a deep-sea
squid.

FASCINATING FACTS

The deepest parts of the
ocean are farther below sea
level than the world's highest
mountains are above it.

Why
does nobody
like us?

Because we're
two shellfish.

SIMPLY SHELLS

Look at the shells round the page. The letters of their names have been jumbled up below. Work out what the names are and match them to the shells.

SEMULS WOCIRE LSAOLCP KOCELC
NELPREIWKI EKLHW TLEMIP ZRORA

SINK OR SWIM

Can you go from SINK to SWIM in five moves by changing just one letter at a time?

CLUES

- 1 Past tense of sink
- 2 Beach surface
- 3 Another word for spoke
- 4 Another word for slipped
- 5 Thin

SINK

1
2
3
4
5

SWIM

FUN FACTS

If a globe fish is in danger of being eaten by a predator, it simply gulps down water until it has swollen so much that it's too big to be swallowed!

SUNKEN TREASURE

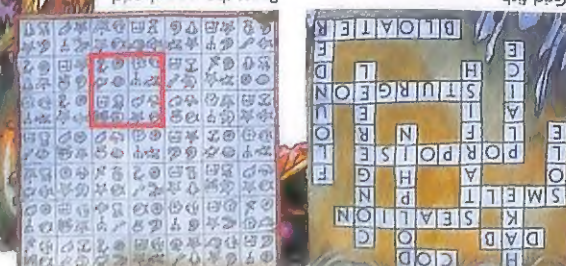
This map shows the location of some sunken treasure. Using the clues, can you find out which square it is in?

CLUES

- 1 It is not in shark-infested waters.
- 2 It is in a direct line, horizontally and vertically, from a palm tree.
- 3 It is not in a square above, below or at the side of a volcano.
- 4 It is not in a direct line, horizontally or vertically with any reef.
- 5 It is not in the same square as a wreck.

ANSWERS

Sink or swim: 1 sink, 2 sand, 3 solid, 4 slid, 5 slim.
Simply shells: A scallop, B whelk, C cockle, D limpet, E razor, F periwinkle, G mussel, H cowrie.
Siren's song: A manatee, B shark, C dolphin, D whale.
Fishy numbers: 20 and 42.
Grid fish: Press the panel grid.



TELEPATHY

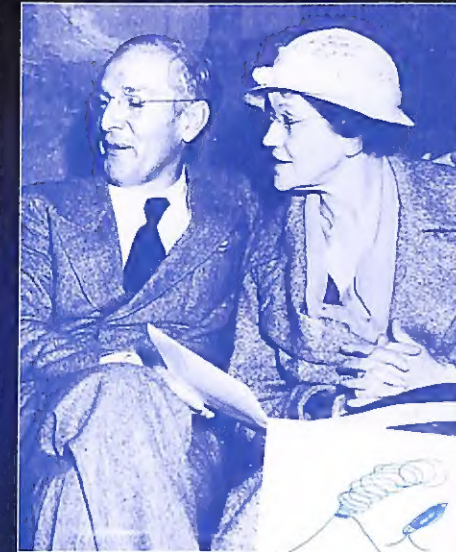


Telepathy has been called the sixth sense. It is the ability to transfer thoughts from one person's mind to another's.

TELEPATHY IN ACTION

In 1980, an 81-year-old Spanish woman, Isabella Casas, told her local police that she had had a disturbing dream about her neighbour, Rafael Perez, who had been missing for 10 days. In her dream, she had seen his terrified face and heard his voice crying, "They are going to kill me!"

The police found Perez tied up in a room. He said that two men had forced him to sign all his money over to them. They had gone away to cash the cheques, but had threatened to come back to kill him. The police lay in wait and arrested the robbers on their return.

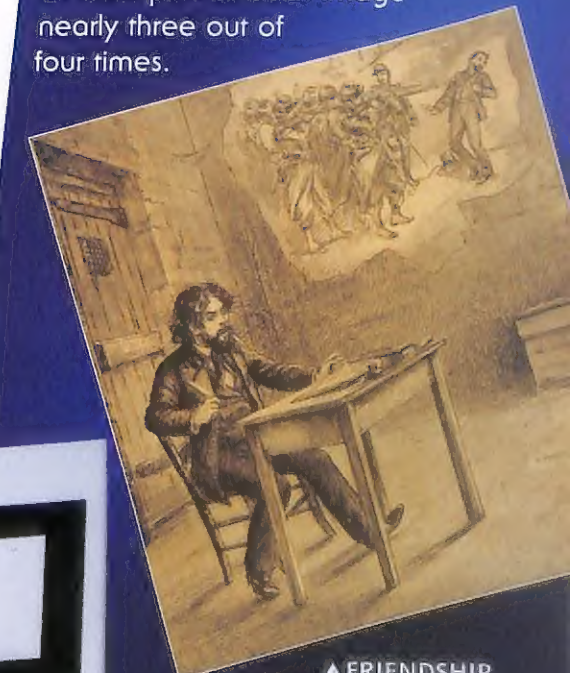


▲ PICTURE THAT Upton Sinclair claimed to be able to pass images by thought to his wife. On the left are his drawings and on the right are hers.

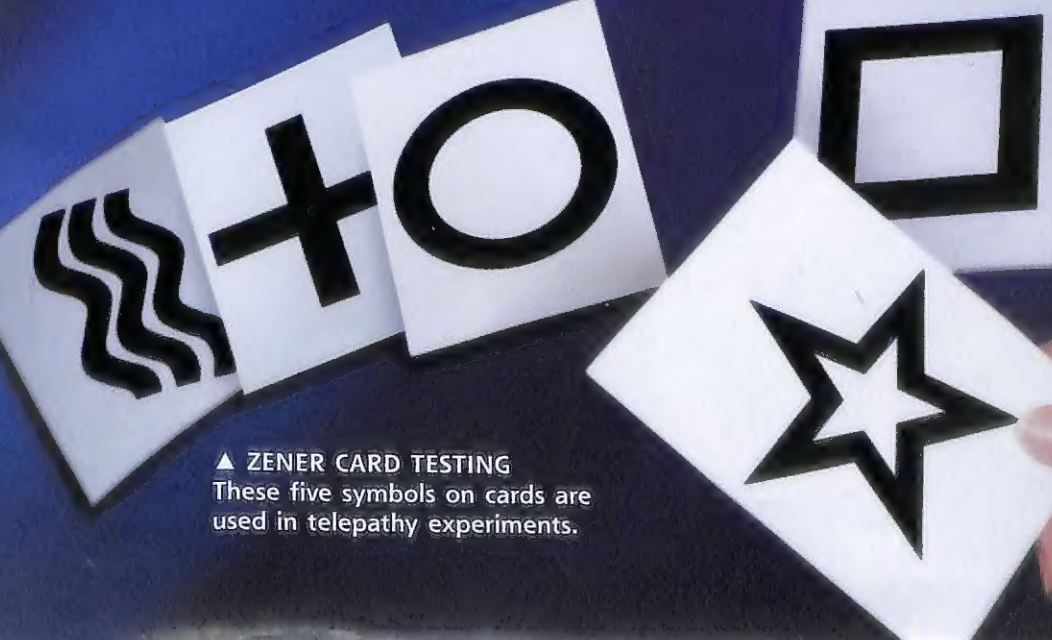


Telepathy most often happens between people who are close. Could it simply be a good guess at what someone you know very well is thinking?

In the 1930s, the writer, Upton Sinclair, claimed that he could make drawings and his wife, in another room, would know what he was thinking and be able to copy them. When they did this experiment, she drew at least part of each image nearly three out of four times.



▲ FRIENDSHIP Frenchman Clovis Hugues was aware of the moment his friend was executed by means of telepathy.



▲ ZENER CARD TESTING

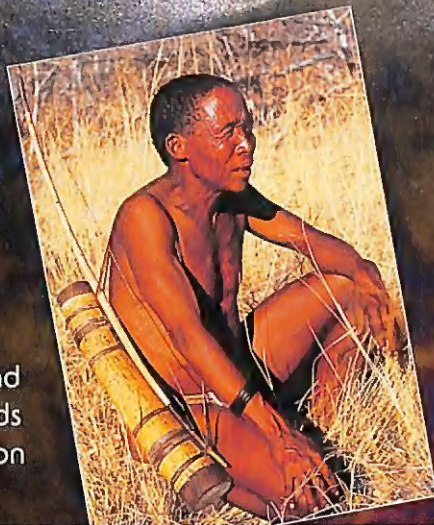
These five symbols on cards are used in telepathy experiments.

► **ALTERNATIVE INFO**
Kalahari Bushmen may have developed a sixth sense to help them survive in the bush.

SCIENTIFIC TESTS

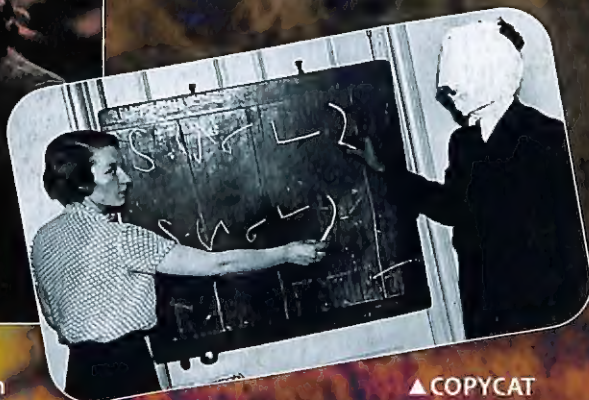
Scientists have tried to devise experiments to test the existence of telepathy. During the 1920s and 30s, experiments using Zener cards were carried out, when one person looked at each card and tried to project the image to someone else. The chances of a 'hit' are one in five and the tests were used to see if some people could score much higher.

One problem with this test is that picturing symbols can be quite boring and people lose concentration. Experiments using paintings have been more encouraging. A problem with scientific experiments, argue those who believe in telepathy, is that the presence of people who don't believe in it can block the images.



▲ **ALIEN INSIGHTS**
Counsellor Troy, a character from 'Star Trek: First Contact', comes from a planet where everyone communicates telepathically.

A LOST SENSE
In some tribal societies, having an extra sense is considered natural. The writer Laurens van der Post described an occasion when some Kalahari Bushmen told him that a group of people were approaching, although there was no-one in sight. Eventually a group did arrive. It was important for their safety that the Bushmen knew when strangers were in their territory. People in the western world have other means of finding out information, such as radio and TV. Perhaps if it were necessary for our survival, we would be more telepathic.



▲ **COPYCAT**
In this early experiment, a man copies writing he can't see, using telepathic skills.

TEST YOUR TELEPATHIC SKILL

- One person is blindfolded. Another person stands at least a metre away and, for twenty seconds each time, looks or doesn't look at the back of the blindfolded person's head. Can the blindfolded person tell when he or she is being looked at?
- Two people sit in different rooms. One person makes a drawing and thinks very hard about what they are drawing. The other person tries to copy the image. Then they compare drawings to see how many times they got it right.